



THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
FORT STREET
GIRLS'
HIGH SCHOOL



The Magazine
of the
Fort Street Girls' High School

AUGUST, 1950.

FABER EST SUAE QUISQUE FORTUNAE

THE STAFF:

Principal: Miss F. COHEN, M.A., B.Sc.

Deputy-Principal: MISS B. SMITH, B.A.

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Miss D. DEY, M.A. (Mistress).

Miss B. ROBERTS, B.A.

Mrs. M. CRADDOCK, B.A.

Mrs. J. TIERNEY, B.A.

Miss K. CROOKS, B.A.

Miss R. TRANT-FISCHER, M.A.

Miss D. CROXON, B.A.

Department of Classics:

Miss J. GOLDIE, B.A.

Department of Mathematics:

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Miss D. LLEWELLYN, B.Sc., B.Ec.

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Department of Science:

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Miss M. KENT HUGHES, M.A. (Vic.)

Art: Miss J. PALFREY.

Needlework: Miss J. BURTON.

Music: Mrs. J. MURRAY, A.Mus.A., T.D.S.C.M.

School Councillor: Miss J. ROBINSON, B.A.

Physical Training:

Miss N. ANDERSON.

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Sub-Editor: Miss K. CROOKS, B.A.

School Captain: ELIZABETH CAYZER.

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PREFECTS, 1950

Standing: June Morris, Jean Whitelaw, Deirdre Sloane, Kathleen Hart, Barbara Bonney.
Sitting: Pamela Mackie, Jean Caller, Elizabeth Cayzer (Captain), Maureen Kelly, Joy Carmichael.

THE PREFECTS' MESSAGE

We, who are students of Fort St. Girls' High School, in this, the first year of a new century, the second in the life of the school, are indeed privileged.

How different it is from that first year in the first century, when the school was brought to being to serve the needs of pupils, the sons and daughters of hardy citizens of a British colony still steadily but resolutely winning success in spite of early circumstance.

In the century past, Fort St. served the community well, and was itself, in turn, served faithfully by those, who, in the chang-

ing years educated and were educated within its precincts.

In a complex and perplexed world, with its many and varied problems, we, and those who follow us, may face the future with courage and confidence. We have inherited a rich tradition of service and of high endeavour. Let us seek and find in our heritage a common inspiration and a common purpose, remembering that attitudes we develop in our school life will affect our attitudes to responsible citizenship. Each one of us can make a worthwhile contribution not only by remembering but adhering to the principle expressed in, "Faber est suae quisque fortunae."

CONGRATULATIONS

The staff and pupils of Fort Street Girls' High School wish to congratulate Miss Cohen on having been co-opted to the Senate of Sydney University, late in 1949. This is not the only occasion on which the distinction has been conferred upon her, for Miss Cohen was a Government nominee member of the Senate for two periods covering 1935 to 1945. She has now the additional honour of being the only woman

member, and as such represents hundreds of women graduates. This public honour is a tribute to her wide knowledge of University affairs, and to her brilliant record as a teacher.

Miss Cohen has also been appointed for a further term to the Board of Secondary Studies, being both the only woman member and the only original member still on the Board.

CHANGES IN THE STAFF

There have been a number of changes on the staff in the last twelve months. Four teachers

have received promotions—Miss M. Dear, Mistress of Modern Languages to Maitland Girls'

High School; Miss A. Hamilton as Mistress of Mathematics to North Sydney Girls' High School; Miss G. Watkins as Mistress of Science to Newcastle Home Science High School; and Miss E. Rush as Mistress of English to Burwood Home Science High School. We congratulate them on their appointments. Other members who have left the Fort Street staff are

Miss M. Bonnette, Miss R. Hales, Miss R. Carmody, Miss A. Graham, and Miss D. Barker.

Newcomers to the staff are Miss B. Mitchell as Mistress of Modern Languages, Miss D. Goldie, Miss B. Roberts, Mrs. A. Chambers, Miss M. Murray, Mrs. J. Tierney, and Miss H. Lanyon. We give them all a warm welcome.

PRIZEWINNERS, 1949

The following prizes were gained by candidates at the Leaving Certificate Examination in 1949—

The Ada Partridge Prize for the best Fort Street candidate: Laurel Thomas.

The Annie E. Turner Prize for the Fort Street Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize for the best passes in English and History: Heather McKay.

The Weston Memorial Prize for the best pass in Mathematics: Beverley Bentley.

Honours at the Leaving Certificate Examination, 1949—

English, Class II.: Laurel Thomas, Jean Robinson.

Latin, Class II.: Heather McKay.

French, Class I.: Laurel Thomas, Dorothy Hall.

Class II.: Barbara Healy, Gwyneth James.

German, Class II.: Dorothy Hall.

Mathematics: Pamela Nicholson, Beverley Bentley, Joy Hudson.

History, Class I.: Heather McKay.

Class II.: Shirley Joynson.

Chemistry, Class II.: Laurel Thomas, Pamela Nicholson, Sonia Hammond.

Music, Class II.: Rosemary Lloyd-Owen.

A University Bursary was gained by Heather McKay.

University Exhibitions were gained by—

Faculty of Arts: Heather McKay.

Faculty of Medicine: Laurel Thomas.

Faculty of Science: Pamela Nicholson.

A Music Scholarship tenable at the Conservatorium was awarded to Rosemary Lloyd-Owen.

Training College Scholarships—

A Training College Scholarship tenable at the University was gained by: Dorothy Hall and Gwyneth James.

Teachers' College Scholarships were gained by: Marie Bygrave, Ruth Brown, Gloria Currin, Josephine Geary, Nancy Hesketh, Wendy Hamilton, Moira Hodgekiss, Jean Robinson, Dorothy Tattersall, Valmai Readhead, Narelle Yeoman, Shirley Saund-

ers, Isabel Ralston, Margaret Bates, Beverley Bate, Patricia Trathen, Anne Ludwig, Olive Williamson, Suneve Lee, Margaret Ramage, Lois de Montemas, Prunella Butler, Jean Hodgkins, Dorothy Lyons, Frances Quigg, Margaret Webber, Valmai de Benedetto.

Intermediate Bursaries—

Nine bursaries awarded on the results of the Intermediate Certificate, 1949, were gained by: Mollie Firth, Lorraine Johnstone, Marlene Mathews, Dawn Patrick, Pamela Mills, Mary Tow, Patricia Lumsden, Lilian Whitburn, Jeanette Faber.

FIRST YEAR STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY

There are thirteen girls attending First Year Courses at the University—

Faculty of Arts: Heather McKay, Dorothy Hall, Gwyneth James, Beth Andreoni, Shirley Lewis, Zoe Robb, Patricia Burt.

Faculty of Medicine: Laurel Thomas.

Faculty of Science: Beverley Bentley, Betty Yu, Pamela Nicholson, Beverley Cameron, Eva Pataky.

SPEECH DAY, 1949

Speech Day is always a great occasion. It is the end of a school year, a year of success or failure, which has contributed to our store of experience. But Speech Day of 1949 held far greater significance—it marked the close of a year which will be remembered by all Fortians as the time when young and old alike paid tribute to the school they loved, "in this, her hundredth year."

As usual, everyone arrived clad in white, wearing the smile of joyful anticipation which is seen only thrice annually. Willing hands were pressed into service and the stage of the Conservatorium was transformed by a rainbow bank of gladioli, agapanthus, and hydrangea blooms. Other bebies, less industrious, chatted outside the side-entrance, waving excitedly to arriving friends, and exchanging last-minute Christmas presents.

At last the choir and winners of prizes and certificates took

their positions of honour on the hard steps of the stage and grinned at their friends in the audience.

Punctually at 10.30 a.m., the official party entered, were seated, and Miss Cohen announced that the ceremony would begin with the choral rendition of the "Opening Chorus of the Fort St. Centenary Ode." Apart from the school itself, many in the audience remembered that the triumphant Chorus had been a prelude to the Centenary Pageant and were glad of the opportunity of hearing it once more. We were privileged to have J. G. McKenzie, Esq., B.A., B.Ec., the Director-General of Education, as Chairman. In his address, Mr. McKenzie emphasised the progress of Australian education and the widening opportunities for girls leaving school of choosing careers in which their education was fully appreciated. Miss Cohen's report of the year's work in all spheres

of school activity proved that the school had amply attained its usual standard of achievement. The next speaker was the Hon. R. J. Heffron.

Also a guest at our Centenary functions, earlier in the year, was the next visitor to address us. He said he was glad to have the opportunity of speaking once more to the pupils, staff, parents and friends of the school, which had impressed him so much in his associations with it. Two lovely items by the choir, "My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land," and "O, Can Ye Sew Cushions?" preceded the next address by D. Clyne, Esq., M.L.A., who has been a familiar figure at our Annual Speech Days. Then the choir delighted the audience with "Sing a Song of Sixpence," and "Old Mother Hubbard," which held particular appeal for the younger brothers and sisters in the audience.

Major-General A. C. Fewtrell, C.B., D.S.O., spoke next. He emphasised the significance of Fort Street's centenary as a milestone in the long road of educational progress, and the importance of education in the life of any community.

The prizes and certificates were presented by Mrs. R. J. Heffron, and when everyone was exhausted with clapping and the last prize-winner had retired to her seat, a vote of thanks was passed by the captain, Annette Randall, and the captain-elect, Elizabeth Cayzer. Both spoke with confidence and sincerity, and met with deafening applause from their fellows.

The opening chords of the school song brought every pupil, past or present, to her feet, and the well-known words rang out. With the singing of the National Anthem, the Speech Day of the Centenary Year came to a close. The holidays had begun!

Pamela Edwards, 5B

PRIZE LIST — SPEECH DAY, 1949

PRIZES

Dux of the School: Laurel Thomas.
 Second Proficiency Prize: Heather McKay.
 Dux of Year IV: Elizabeth Cayzer.
 Second Proficiency Prize: Christian Borland.
 Dux of Year III (Molly Thornhill Prize): Leslie Hanks and Jean Wolrige, aeq.
 Dux of Year II: Joan Wilcox.
 Second Proficiency Prize: Patricia Conder.
 Dux of Year I: Nina Sneddon.
 Second Proficiency Prize: Alma Sneddon.

SPECIAL PRIZES

Ada Partridge Prize (best pass in L.C. Examination, 1948): Helen Davies.

Annie E. Turner Prize (best pass in English and History in L.C. Examination, 1948): Helen Davies and Eileen Lawson.

Old Girls' Literary Circle Prize (best pass in English, L.C. Examination, 1948): Sylvia Lawson.

Weston Memorial Prize (best pass in Mathematics, L.C. Examination, 1948): Mary Guy.

Emily Cruise Prize (History, Year III): Leslie Hanks.

Renee Gombert Prize (French and German, Year IV): Elizabeth Cayzer.

Bishop Kirkby Memorial Prize (History, Year II): Patricia Conder.

Major-General A. C. Fewtrell's Prize (English and History, Year IV): Elizabeth Cayzer.

Major-General A. C. Fewtrell's Prize (English and History, Year I): Alma Sneddon.

Victory Loan Special Prize (Mathematics, Year IV): Christina Borland and Margaret George.

Victory Loan Special Prize (Mathematics, Year I): Nina Sneddon.

Miss Mouldsdale's Prize (Science, Year III): Jean Wolrige.

Special Prize donated by Coral Lee (German, Year II): Joan Wilcox.

Special Prize donated by Coral Lee (Latin, Year II): Patricia Conder.

Special Prize donated by Mrs. English (French, Year V): Laurel Thomas.

Special Prize donated by Mrs. English (French, Year I): Perry Jacobs.

Special Prize for best Dramatic Performance in Centenary Pageant: Sybil Clough.

Special Prizes donated by Mrs. Hodgkins for Play-writing—

Senior School: Elaine Peterson.

Junior School: Winifred Bradley.

L'Alliance Francaise Prizes:

Grade III, First Prize: Laurel Thomas.

Grade IV, First Prize: Anita Pincas.

Prefects' Prize, Empire Day Essays:

Senior School: Heather McKay.

Junior School: Eva Sommer.

Presbyterian Scripture Prizes donated by Mrs. H. W. Thompson: Nanette Scott, Laurel Thomas, Morach Henderson, Margaret Wilcox, Elaine Rutherford.

Old Girls' Union Life Membership: Annette Randall.

Police Essay Competition:

First Prize: Winifred Bradley.

Eisteddfod Cup, Senior School Championship Choir (16 and under): Fort Street Girls' High School.

Eisteddfod Cup, State Juvenile Choral (age limit 16): Fort Street Girls' High School.

History: Elizabeth Cayzer.

French: Gloria Ferrow, prox. acc.

Latin: Olwyn Thomas.

Chemistry: Olwyn Thomas.

Biology: Elizabeth Cayzer.

Geography: Barbara Laidman, Margaret Watts, aeq.

Art: Dagma Dawson.

Music: Jill Livingstone.

Needlework: Patricia Poiner.

Physical Training: Yvette Flynn.

YEAR III

English: Jeanette Parkin.

Latin: Lillian Whitburn.

German: Leslie Hanks.

French: Leslie Hanks.

Mathematics 1: Leslie Hanks.

Mathematics 2: Jean Wolrige.

Geography: Joyce Crum.

Art: Jennifer Lippemann.

Music: Ellen Carr.

Needlework: Angela Hooper.

Physical Training: Lois Joseph.

YEAR II

English: Patricia Conder.

French: Joan Wilcox, Patricia Conder, aeq.

Mathematics 1: Joan Wilcox.

Mathematics 2: Joan Wilcox.

Chemistry and Physics: Margaret Gallocher, Joan Wilcox.

Geography: Margaret Guise.

Art: Dawn Ragen.

Music: Lorraine Timmins.

Needlework: Glenda Rice.

Physical Training: Astrid Wagner.

YEAR I

English: Alma Sneddon.

History: Valerie Duckworth.

Combined Physics and Chemistry: Barbara Elwin.

Geography: Merle Rose and Alma Sneddon, aeq.

Art: Audrey Reid.

Needlework: Barbara Watson.

Physical Training: Elizabeth Coombe.

CERTIFICATES

YEAR V

English: Laurel Thomas.

History: Heather McKay.

Latin: Heather McKay.

German: Dorothy Hall.

Mathematics: Beverley Bentley.

Chemistry and Physics: Joy Hudson.

Chemistry: Laurel Thomas.

Botany: Beverley Bate, Wendy Hamilton.

Geography: Dorothy Tattersall.

Art: Margaret Ramage.

Music: Rosemary Lloyd-Owen.

Needlework: Shirley Knopp.

Physical Training: Olive Williamson.

YEAR IV

English: Pamela Edwards, Gloria Ferrow, aeq.

LIFE SAVING AWARDS, 1949

Award of Merit Bar: Yvette Flynn.

Award of Merit: Jan Grenberg, June Morris, Pamela Mackie, Barbara Whyte, Margaret McKellar, Rosemary Lloyd-Owen.

Australian Bronze Cross: Adrienne Holt, Dorothy Oakes, Dawn Davies, Margaret Foster, Joanne Smith, Maureen Kelly, Robin Westlake, Anne Simpson, Kay Milthorpe, Cecily Stewart, Barbara Kay, Judith Swales, Robin Hewitt

Instructor's Certificate: Maureen Kelly, Margaret Bonthorne, Dorothy Oakes, Adrienne Holt, Cecily Stewart, Barbara Kay, Dawn Davies, Lois Joseph, Margaret Foster, Yvette Flynn.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1949

The numbers following the names indicate the subjects in which the candidates have passed, in accordance with the following statement:—

1, English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, Mathematics I.; 6, Mathematics II.; 7, General Mathematics; 9, Modern History; 12, Combined Physics and Chemistry; 14, Chemistry; 15, Botany; 17, Biology; 18, Geography; 20, Theory and Practice of Music; 21, Art; 22, Needlecraft and Garment Construction;

The letters H(1) signify first-class honours; H(2) second-class honours; A, first-class pass; B, second-class. The sign x denotes those who have gained honours in Mathematics; an asterick those who have shown merit in two pass papers and one honours paper. The sign o denotes those who have passed in the oral tests in French and German.

Allison, M.: 1A 3B 7B 9B.
 Bate, B. A.: 1B 9A 15A 18A 22A.
 Bates, M. A.: 1B 2B 3B 7A 9B 15A.
 Bentley, B.: 1A 3A(o) 4B(o) 5Ax 6A 12A.
 Beveridge, H. V.: 1B 3B 7B 9B 15B 22A.
 Brown, R. M.: 1B 3B 7A 9B 14B 22A.
 Butler, P. G.: 1A 3B 7B 9B 12B 18B.
 Bygrave, M. E.: 1B 2B 3B 7B 9B 15A.
 Cameron, B. M.: 1A 3B 4B(o) 7A 9B 12B.
 Clough, S. R.: 1B 3B 7A 9B 12B.
 Coote, D. J.: 1B 3A 7A 18B.
 Cousens, E. J. 1A 2A 3A(o) 7B 9B 15A.
 Currin, G. L.: 1A 3B 7A 9B.
 De Montemas, L. B.: 1B 3B 15B 18B 22B.
 Dennett, L. A.: 1B 3B 5A 6A 14B 18A.
 Di Benedetto, V. P.: 1B 3B 7B 20B.
 Dunn, R. P.: 1A 2B 3B 7A 9A 14B.
 Easy, N. L.: 1B 15B 18B 21A.
 Firth, R. J.: 1A 3B 7B 9B 15B.
 Gatward, H. P.: 1B 3B 7B 9B 15B 18B.
 Geary, J. M.: 1A 3B(o) 4B(o) 7A 9A.
 Hall, D. A.: 1A 3HI(o) 4HII(o) 5B 6A 14B.
 Hamilton, W.: 1A 3A 15A 18B 21B.
 Hammond, S. R.: 1B 3B 5B 6A 14H2 21A.
 Hankinson, J.: 1B 3B 7B 15A 18B.
 Healy, B. E.: 1A 3H2(o) 4A(o) 5A 6B 14B.
 Hesketh, N. B.: 1A 3B 4B(o) 7A 9A 15A.
 Hill, F. M.: 1B 3B 7B 15B 18A.
 Hodgekiss, M. E.: 1A 3B 9B 15A 18B.
 Hodgkins, M. J.: 1A 3B 7B 9B.
 Hudson, J. M.: 1A 3A(o) 4B(o) 5A plus 6A 12A
 James, G. L.: 1B 3H2(o) 4A(o) 7B 9A 14B.
 Joynson, S. R.: 1A 3A 4A(o) 7A 9H2 14B.
 Knopp, S.: 1B 7B 9B 22A.
 Lee, S. D.: 1B 15B 16B 21A.
 Levett, G.: 1B 3B 7B 9B 12B 22A.
 Lloyd-Owen, R. J.: 1B 3A 7A 14B 20H2.
 Lyons, D. J.: 3B 15B 18B 22A.
 Ludwig, A. R.: 1A 9B 18B 40B.
 McGrady, M. C.: 1A 3A(o) 4A(o) 7B 9A 14A.
 McKay, H. J.: 1A 2H2 3A 7A 9H1 14B.
 Morgan, G. E.: 1A 3B 9B 18B 20B.
 Murdoch, R. M.: 1A 3A 4A(o) 7A 9B 14B.
 Nicholson, P. M.: 1A 3A(o) 4A(o) 5A plus 6A 14H2.
 Nye, P. J.: 1B 3B 7B 9B 12B 18B.
 Patterson, J.: 1A 2B 3B 5B 6B 14B.
 Peddie, P. E.: 1B 3B 5B 6B 12B 22A.
 Quigg, F.: 1B 3B 9B 15B 18B 40B.
 Ralston, I. J. G.: 1B 3B 7B 15B 18B.
 Ramage, M. A.: 1B 15B 18B 21A.
 Randall, A.: 1A 2B 3A 7A 9A 15A.
 Readhead, V.: 1B 15B 18B 20B.
 Robinson, J. L.: 1H2 3A(o) 4B(o) 7B 9B.

Rynan, W. M.: 1B 2B 3A(o) 7A 9B 14B.
Saunders, S.: 1B 3B 7B 9B 15B.
Saxby, H. T.: 1A 15B 18A 22A.
Scott, J. M.: 1A 3A(o) 4B(o) 7A 9B.
Tattersall, D. J.: 1B 15B 18B 22A.
Thomas, L. P.: 1H2 3H1(o) 4A(o) 7A 14F2.
Trathen, P. F.: 1A 3B 9B 15A 18B 21B.
Traversi, V. A.: 1B 3B 7A 9B 12B 20A.
Vincent, M. J.: 1A 3B 7B 9B.
Waik, E.: 1A 3A 4A(o) 7A 9B.
Walsh, J. M.: 1B 7B 9B 15A 21B.
Webber, M. C.: 1B 2B 3A(o) 5B 6B 14B.
Williamson, O. E. B.: 1B 3B 4B(o) 7B 9B 12B.
Winterburn, T. A. P.: 1B 3B 7B 15B 20A.
Wyatt, D. M.: 1B 3A(o) 4B(o) 7A 9B 20A.
Yeoman, N.: 1A 3B(o) 5B 6B 12B.
Yu, B.: 1A 2B 3A 7B 9A 14B.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1949

SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES

Adcock, N. J.; Anderson, J.
Barrett, M. M.; Begg, M. E.; Bell, H. R.; Bing See, M. J.; Blackmore, M. A.; Bonthorne, M. J.; Brittain, J. E.; Bruncker, Y.; Butt, A. E.
Carr, E. L.; Carter, J. M.; Crawley, M. A.; Clark, F. M.; Coleman, J. A.; Crum, J. H.
Davies, P. D.; Denny, N. J.
Faber, J. A.; Finn, P. J.; Firth, M. C.; Foster, M. E.; Fouracre, F. J.
Gillies, E. W.; Graham, N.; Greenberg, J. D.; Greenberg, S. D.
Hanks, L. A.; Hart, M.; Harvey, P. J. A.; Heatley, P. E.; Hellings, I. L.; Hewitt, R.; Hooper, A. R.
Jennens, J. A.; Johnson, S. M.; Johnston, L. I.; Jones, M. A.; Joseph, L. M.
Kay, B. D.; Keller, J. M.; Kerr, J. A.
Laidlaw, N. H.; Lippman, J. A.; Long, V. J.; Lucas, J. C.; Lumsden, P. A.; Lyons, E. M.
Mackay, R. J.; McEwan, H.; McReaddie, N.; Mathews, M. J.; Middleton, M. A.; Mills, P. C.; Milthorpe, K.; Miskell, T. A.; Mitchell, P. J.; Morley, L. E.; Mostyn, E. O.
Nelson, J. A.; Newton, S. F.; Nye, M. J.
Owen, S.; Parkin, J.; Patrick, A. D.; Pincas, A. M.; Prince, P. M.
Randall, R.; Ranscombe, J. B.; Revell, H. C.; Rice, M. E.; Rixom, B. R.; Rutherford, E. I.
Saunders, M.; Scaysbrook, B. M.; Sengelman, J. J.; Short, E. C.; Simon, M. R.; Simpson, A. C.; Skelton, M. K.; Smith, J.; Smith, N. A.; Smith, P. A.; Snow, D. T.; Sommer, E. M.; Speers, M. J.; Stephens, S. E.; Stewart, C. G.; Swales, J. M.
Telford, H.; Tow, M. T.
Unwin, B.
Wallace, N. C.; Warner, N. A.; Whitburn, L. A.; Williams, E. P.; Wolrige, J. Yum, L. K.

SPRING

Spring is very late this year,
I don't know why that's so,
But all the flowers are still asleep,
Under the cold, white snow.

Mavis Jones, 1B.



SPEECH DAY AT THE CONSERVATORIUM, 1949

HOUSE CAPTAINS

This year, for the first time in the history of the school, pockets were awarded to the captains and vice-captains of the school houses. The innovation was well received and should prove in the future to be an added incentive for girls to seek preferment by their fellows. Keen interest in house affairs and activities must eventually be reflected in a finer

school spirit. The girls who have been the recipients of this year's house pockets are Ruth Maston and Robin Hewitt representing Bradfield, Yvette Flynn and Molly Firth, Gloucester, Maureen Kelly and Marlene Matthews representing Kent, and Deirdre Sloane and Margaret Foster representing York.

D. Sloane, 5A.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Fort Street Girls' Dramatic Society resumed in March this year. In 1949, the Society's contribution to the Centenary Pageant was one play from Houseman's "Victoria Regina" series. The play was produced by Miss Rush and contributed a great deal to the success of the pageant.

At the end of the year at the school Play Day, the club presented A. A. Milne's "The Boy Comes Home."

Early this year Miss Rush, who had conducted the club since its inauguration, left Fort Street. We were all sorry to see her go, as it was through her guidance and enthusiasm that the club was founded. Miss Crooks, however, has ably taken her place at the head of the society.

Because of the great emphasis placed last year on the Centenary Pageant, club membership had lapsed, so a drive was made by those remaining, for new members. Club membership is now forty-eight.

At the end of the first term this year there was a play after-

noon for the school. The society presented two productions: Three scenes from Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," and the third act of Barrie's "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire."

Plays in rehearsal for production during second term are: One act from Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest"; two modern one-act plays, "Escape by Moonlight," and "The House with Twisty Windows," and a skit on teen-age fan-clubs, by Muriel and Sidney Box.

Elaine Petersen, 5A.

PLAY DAY:

First Term, 1950

The first play day of 1950 opened with the new School Song, which was sung by all the sopranos of the school.

Three scenes from Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," by the 4th and 5th year Dramatic Club started the afternoon's entertainment. It was well acted and it was obvious that the audience appreciated the humour of the play.

Act V, from Shakespeare's

"Twelfth Night," was performed by 2B, who paid particular attention to costume. We were delighted to find that the parts of Viola and Sebastian were taken by real twins!

The 1st Year French play, "Les Sausaissons," was very expressive and for once most girls could understand what it was all about. The climax was reached, however, when a portion of the main character's body suddenly disappeared!

"The Dyspeptic Ogre," by 2D, was a humorous tale and enjoyed by everyone. The acting was good and the "blackouts" were effective, bringing a modernistic effect to the play.

The German play, "Viele Hande Machen Leichte Arbeit," by Third Year, was enjoyed by three non-German students--especially when a burst of English came from the very capable performers!

The last item on the programme was an act from "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," by Barrie, produced by the Dramatic Club. The players achieved some fine characterisation in this play, and the producer, a member of the club, is to be congratulated.

All the plays were a credit to the producers and performers, and ended the first term of 1950 on a happy note.

Pat Neill,
Rhondda Turner,
Jill Livingstone, 5D.

VISITS TO THE THEATRE

During the year the pupils of our school have paid several visits to the theatre.

In October, 1949, a party of Third Year pupils saw a performance of "Twelfth Night" given by the Metropolitan players.

In the same month the Fifth Year students went to see "Macbeth," produced by the University Dramatic Society, in the Great Hall. In December, a large number of pupils saw "Much Ado About Nothing," as produced by the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre Company. This artistic performance was greatly enjoyed by all and the girls appreciated the trouble Miss Cohen took in arranging this visit to the theatre.

In 1950, Third Year students were present at "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Great Hall at the University.

More recently, practically the whole school went to a performance of the Australian National Ballet.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

On the 21st April, the Third Year girls visited the University to see Shakespeare's play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," presented by the Sydney University Dramatic Society, in the very beautiful and imposing Great Hall. The audience comprised pupils from several other schools besides Fort Street.

The play was produced from an unusual stage above which was suspended a web of silver wire, threaded with stars, stretching over the audience. The backdrop was a mystic black forest painted on a white canvas, and this, combined with appropriate lighting effects and weird sounding music, created an eerie feeling among the audience.

The rendition of the play did not give us the same impression as Shakespeare conveys in his written work, nevertheless the majority of the girls enjoyed the six foot fairies who smoked cigarettes, and Puck's quite un-

Puckish mannerisms and grotesque movements.

Nearly all the actors were ridiculous in some form, either by dress or portrayal of character. Most noticeable of these, perhaps, was Titania, played by a diminutive youth of tender year, who on several occasions was seen to snatch covertly at his skirt to prevent it from falling off.

Much amusement was caused by the strange pronunciation of words in order to make them rhyme, and the unnecessary emphasis placed on other words.

As the play was a burlesque, it is understandable that very often the dramatic parts were amusing, and vice-versa.

However, in spite of these deviations from the original work, we feel that the play has become clearer in our minds and more interesting to us.

We are very grateful to the teachers who arranged this visit, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Meg Weir, 3B.

COMPETITIONS

Several girls have been successful in essay, play-writing, and public-speaking competitions.

We congratulate Margaret Watts on gaining first place in the Public-Speaking Competition, Junior Section, with a total of ninety-one marks out of a possible hundred. This competition was arranged by the Royal Empire Society.

Other competitors from Fort Street Girls' High School who were highly commended, were June Morris and Laurel Thomas.

In the Police Essay Competition, which is State wide, Winifred Bradley gained first place in the Junior Section. In addition

to this, Winifred was awarded a second prize for descriptive writing.

The winners, this year, of the Empire Day essays are June Wilson in the Senior School, and Joan Wileox in the Junior School. The prefects award two prizes each year for these essays. The topics on which the girls wrote were "Sir George Grey—a great Colonial administrator" (Junior), and "Have recent changes in the British Commonwealth strengthened or weakened its power and prestige?"

Special prizes are donated each year by Mrs. Joyce Hodgkins for a play-writing competition. The winner of the prize in the Senior Section was Elaine Peterson, and Winifred Bradley in the Junior Section.

THE FORT STREET DEBATE

On May 1st the girls who were fortunate enough to hear the debate, were welcomed at Fort Street Boys' High School, on the occasion of the first of our annual inter-Fortian debates

"That the Age of Our Youth is the Age of Our Glory" was the subject under discussion, and our team consisted of Elizabeth Cayzer, leader; Patricia Alison, second speaker; and June Morris, whip.

Fortunately, the girls successfully debated in the affirmative, but it must be granted to the boys that their view was a difficult one upon which to argue. Nevertheless, the topic caused laughter and entertainment, and the adjudicator, Mrs. Ellis, admitted herself that her task was a difficult one as both teams were well organised. We are grateful to her for her criticism, which will be beneficial in the future.

This was followed by an enjoyable afternoon tea given by

the Boys' Prefects, and a short tour of the school building.

We are all looking forward to the return debate when more girls will be able to join in the fun and interest of such an event. On that occasion we shall wish our opponents the best of luck.

In the 1949 Debating Competition held between Fort Street Boys' High School and our school, we were fortunate enough to be the winners on both occasions.

Rosemary Randall, 4A.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

How well I remember when I was a First Year and heard of the Photography Club. I longed to join, but was told that it was only open to the pupils of Fourth and Fifth Years. Now, after three years, I find that "everything comes to those who wait" and I am a member of this interesting and instructive club, which meets approximately every third Thursday in Room 9.

At the last two meetings, Mr. Hogarth, of Kodak Pty. Ltd., has projected slides showing correct and incorrect snaps. The ridiculous effects gained by double exposure were shown; thus a steam-boat could be seen sailing down a London street while a policeman directed the traffic. An example of incorrect lighting revealed the subject of the photo, a lady, with two swollen black eyes.

We are grateful for the time Mr. Hogarth gives us, and I, for one, am looking forward to the next meeting when he will discuss the developing and printing of photos.

Elaine Lyons, 4B.

THE LIBRARY

Though the library is fairly well patronised, both as a reading

room and for the borrowing of books, it could be used more extensively and by a greater number of pupils.

This year the School Association decided to increase the library grant. This was a very welcome addition to the funds as the price of books has increased, in some cases, to double the price formerly charged for such books.

Senior students, especially in English and History, should benefit by a number of books dealing with the main developments in the literature and history of recent years, which have been purchased for the Reference Library.

Donations have also been received both for the Reference and Fiction sections.

Professor Farrell sent us four books in memory of his sister: *Four Lectures on Shakespeare*, by Ellen Terry; *Dostoevsky: Letters and Reminiscences*; "Bernard Shaw," by Frank Harris; and *The Tales of D. H. Lawrence*.

The librarians for 1948 have contributed two books on modern poetry: "Four Quartets," by T. S. Eliot, and "The Canticle of the Rose," by Edith Sitwell.

A book of Joseph Conrad's, "The Rover," was sent with the publisher's compliments, and the Australian Comforts Fund donated "Proud Story."

Four books for the Fiction library were given by Rae Lewis in 1A.

The fiction library has been supplemented by the purchase of a number of historical novels, also stories of travel and adventure suitable for both Senior and Junior pupils.

The depredations of the rats (with strong literary tastes!) has necessitated extensive repairs to the fiction library.

A conscientious band of librarians has been chosen from Fourth Year students.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES, 1949-50

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Rachel Forster				Stewart House	5	5	0
Hospital	3	3	0	Bush Church Aid			
Royal Alexandria				Society	2	2	0
Hospital	3	3	0	Spastic Centre	3	3	0
Sydney Hospital	3	3	0	Australian-American			
				Memorial	10	10	0

LECTURES AT THE SCHOOL

On 27th March and 3rd April the Fourth and Fifth Year girls heard two very interesting lectures.

The first, on the Short Story, was given by Mr. J. Oliver, who showed the girls some new and interesting aspects of the almost indefinable short story. He illustrated his point by reading two stories, one by O. Henry, the other by Katherine Mansfield, pointing out their various merits and demerits, and contrasting O. Henry's rather pointless tale, which depended entirely upon its surprise ending, with Katherine Mansfield's well-constructed story, simply and beautifully told, on a child's thoughts and reactions.

Professor MacDonald's lecture on Medieval Cathedrals was also enjoyed by the girls, who were shown slides of many famous and beautiful cathedrals, such as Pisa, Notre Dame, and Chartres. He explained how these beautiful structures grew from the barn-like Basilica type of building, showing how the difficulties of supporting the heavy stone were overcome first by the round arched Romanesque style, and later by the more picturesque Gothic architecture with its flying buttresses and ornate columns.

Both of these lectures were greatly appreciated by the girls.

Margaret Giles, 5A.

A VISIT TO THE WEATHER BUREAU

Last term I went with a party of girls and Miss Crawford to the Weather Bureau. We left school about 2 o'clock, crossed the canyon, and soon arrived at the Weather Bureau.

Our guide first took us to the garden. In the garden of the Weather Bureau there are three

rain gauges. The first two are exactly the same. They consist of a metal cylinder with vertical sides and a funnel top. The amount of rain is measured in a glass tube narrower than the metal container, which is marked in inches and points. There are two, in case an accident occurs

and one is broken. The third gauge is an automatic gauge called a Pluviometer. This looks just like an ordinary gauge from the outside but inside there is a small tin which holds the water. A syphon is attached to it and a nib attached to the syphon. The nib is filled with ink. There is another cylinder around which is a chart. This cylinder is revolved by a clock. It revolves once a day and the charts are renewed every day. The syphon rises and falls with the level of the water and as it rises and falls the nib records it on the chart. The small tin holds 40 points of rain, and when it is full it automatically syphons out.

There are two boxes on poles which are specially constructed so that air will pass freely through them. These boxes house the thermometers. There is a maximum-minimum thermometer, a fahrenheit thermometer used to measure the humidity of the air. There is also a thermometer kept to put out on the ground at night and our guide told us that it is hotter on a cloudy night than on a clear one because the clouds

act as blankets and keep the world warm.

In the Weather Bureau itself, we saw men drawing maps and marking on them isobars, winds, and other data connected with the weather. One man doing this work told us that the one he was working on, when we were there, would appear in the "Herald" the next morning. He also told us that these maps were done every three hours, except at midnight. Also we saw a teletype which is connected to the G.P.O., which receives the messages from all country towns.

We went up on to the roof by a winding staircase. On the roof there is a platform in one corner about ten feet from the ground. Attached to the rail going around this platform is a wind gauge. In one corner of the roof where the sun shines all day, is a glass ball and behind this is a piece of paper which has a number of holes burnt in it. Our guide told us that the holes were burnt by the reflection of the sun in the glass ball. This told them when the sun was warmest in the day.

Verna Rice, 2C.

THE CHOIR AT THE CITY OF SYDNEY EISTEDDFOD, 1950

After weeks of playtime, lunchtime, and after school practices, the choir was at last ready. Admonished by Mrs. Murray to eat only toast that had become cool before it was buttered, and fruit, such as pineapples and oranges, the choir arrived at the Conservatorium on the 20th September, at 9 a.m. We had entered the Senior School Championship, and taking our seats, we realised

that we faced opposition. For the first time a Conservatorium Choir with about thirty members was taking part and, as they were picked voices, we were quite ready to be defeated. When indeed Mr. Campbell-Ross, the adjudicator, arose to give his decision, our hearts sank, for he accorded the best singing of "Lift Thine Eyes" to the Conservatorium Choir. But then a rather

dreamy look came into his eyes and he began to say that our own choice, "O Can Ye Sew Cushions?" just captured the mistiness of the Scottish highlands and the quiet of the Scottish lakes, going on to say, rather needlessly, that he was a Scotchman. And we won.

At 7 o'clock at night an even greater ordeal was coming. This was the State Juvenile Championship, which we had won previously for four years. Listening to the beautiful singing of the other choirs, we decided that we would have a hard job. However, the adjudicator, Dr. Edgar Bain-

ton, once again awarded us first place, and said that our rendition of "My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land" contained beautiful light and shade work with lovely tone and clear words.

Recently the choir was recorded by Columbia and the records have aroused wide interest, Mrs. Murray even being invited to Rumpus Room. All our credit goes to Mrs. Murray, whose hard work won the Eisteddfod for us. We offer her our sincere congratulations, and hope that this year's choir will be equally victorious.

Patricia Allison, 5A.

THE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

The office-bearers of the School Association for 1950 were elected at the commencement of first term. They are: Elizabeth Cayzer (Captain), Anne Benson (Year V), Mollie Firth (Year IV), Iris Browne (Year III), Patricia Brown (Year II), Margaret Gray (Year I), and Muriel Begg (Year IV Secretary).

The staff members of the Association are: Miss Cohen, Miss

Smith, Miss Dey, Miss Green, and Miss Anderson.

The main topic discussed this year has been the question of pockets for the House Captains and Vice-Captains and for girls who are outstanding in sport. It was finally decided that they should be allowed wear pockets.

Merriel Begg (Year IV).

During the first term of this year, the choir was honoured by a visit from Mr. Mellich, a friend of Miss Cohen's, who is a leading adjudicator at English Eisteddfods. The Choir sang the Eisteddfod songs and two nursery rhymes. At Miss Cohen's request, we sang the Centenary Pageant Ode.

Mr. Mellich then played the piano for us, namely "Solemn Melody," by Walford Davies and the "Eb major waltz," by Beethoven; and he told us of experiences he had had in England. This pleasant treat was ended by our visitor saying that he would like the opportunity of seeing and hearing us again.

Jill Livingstone, 5D.

ART EXHIBITION

From the 18th to the 23rd May, a collection of excellent reproductions of famous French paintings was on view at the school. We are indebted to David Jones Ltd. for the loan of this collec-

tion. Mr. James Gleeson, a member of the Contemporary Art Society, lectured on the complex subject of Impressionism. The paintings were greatly appreciated by all the pupils.

ANZAC DAY, 1950

There was an assembly of the girls and staff for a short ceremony held to commemorate Anzac Day, 1950. In her address, Miss Cohen reminded the girls of the great qualities of courage, perseverance and loyalty shown by the Australian troops during the landing of Australian troops at Gallipoli. This spirit of Anzac was again characteristic of our soldiers during the campaigns fought in World War II. However, Miss Cohen suggested we

all have opportunities to carry out this tradition of sacrifice and loyalty in peacetime. There are organisations, such as the Red Cross, which deserve our support. And, while we are still at school, we can do much to help our New Australians by trying to understand their problems, and thus showing them that we welcome them to our country. The ceremony concluded with the singing of the "Recessional" and the National Anthem.

CORAL SEA ANNIVERSARY

On 4th May, 1950, the eighth anniversary of the Battle of the Coral Sea, the school was honoured with the presence of Surgeon-Captain Lockwood, R.A.N., Mr. Tom Alexander, Captain White, and Mrs. Beresford. As was most fitting for the occasion, representatives of both the United States of America and Australia were present.

After Miss Cohen had welcomed the guests, Surgeon-Captain Lockwood, who himself was present at the Battle of the Coral Sea, explained fully the campaign and stressed particularly the co-operation between the American and Australian forces. In conclusion, he stressed the importance of service to God, to King, and to country, and he impressed us all with his fine and gentlemanly bearing.

Mr. Tom Alexander, the Director of the United States Information Bureau, then spoke of his various experiences throughout the war, and he, too, stressed the co-operation and brotherhood between the American and Australian forces.

The School Captain, Elizabeth Cayzer, then presented a cheque for ten guineas to Captain White, who is one of the original founders of the American-Australian Association. This cheque was a donation to the fund for the erection of a memorial in Canberra to our American brothers.

After Captain White had thanked the school for its donation, the choir sang for the visitors and after we had sung "The Star Spangled Banner" and the National Anthem, our commemoration concluded.

Maureen Kelly, 5A.

EMPIRE DAY, 1950

On Wednesday, 24th May, the staff and girls of Fort Street gathered once more in the Assembly Hall to honour our great British Empire. In this, the half-century, minds automatically turn back to view the progress of our Empire in the last fifty years, and, for our faith can surely dispel the doubts of pessimists, just as automatically should we look forward with hope to the next fifty years of Empire.

This was brought to our minds by the Chairman, Mr. J. G. Mackenzie, Director of Education, who gave a short impromptu address. It seemed that both he and Major-General Fewtrell, who also spoke, had come in the expectation of an enjoyable time spent in listening to others. Both somewhat ruefully informed us of this position, and warned us not to expect too much from them; but both speeches received a warm welcome from the audience.

After some suitably patriotic songs by the choir, the Captain of the School, Elizabeth Cayzer, read the Empire message sent to schools all over the British Commonwealth. It seems strange, and

yet wonderful, to think how we, in our school gym., were linked by those words to so many thousands of other people, in so many different lands.

Perhaps nothing attracted the youthful audience so much as the speeches given by two of the prefects—June Morris, who discussed "Have recent changes in the British Commonwealth strengthened or weakened its power and prestige?" and Maureen Kelly, who spoke of our Empire heritage. Both girls were warmly congratulated by the visitors—which number included Dr. Wyndham—and even more heartily by their fellow pupils.

After more songs by the choir, the whole school joined in singing part of the Centenary Ode, after which the Captain passed a vote of thanks to the visitors and speakers.

The ceremony was completed with the singing of the National Anthem and the general and hurried dispersal of all for the usual half-holiday.

J. Wilson, 5A.

A GOODWILL MESSAGE

Olwyn Thomas, a pupil of Fort Street Girls' High School, was chosen to give a goodwill message on Empire Youth Sunday, 21st May, 1950, over the B.B.C.

The actual recording was done some weeks earlier by the A.B.C. and was then sent to Wales. The speech was broadcast to the Empire and many parts of the world.

We print the message as follows:—

"I am an Australian school girl; my ancestors were Welsh, and I am speaking to you, the youth of the world, to express my goodwill and friendliness towards you all.

"I come from a school in Sydney which celebrated its hundredth anniversary last year. One hundred years may seem rather youthful to those of you whose schools have been standing since

the Middle Ages. You must realise though that our country is young and our school one of the few with one hundred years of tradition behind them. Our history has been closely linked with that of Sydney, the oldest city in Australia. We are naturally proud of our past record and present achievements. Like you, we go to sports and shout ourselves hoarse barracking for our athletes, and like you we feel happy and proud when we hear of the success of some former pupil.

Though Australia is a large country, our population is small. As an aftermath of the last war, many Europeans whose homes were destroyed emigrated here. We call them New Australians, and they are proving good citizens. Many are in our schools, and seeing them under the same conditions as ourselves, we learn

that the essential differences between one Australian and one Lithuanian or one Austrian is no greater than that between one Australian and another. The distances between the countries of the world are decreasing as machinery and technical skill develop.

"The distances between the people of the world must also decrease as understanding and goodwill among them develop.

"Most of the greatest things in the world are international—art, music, and science. Language differences are no barrier to the enjoyment of them by us all. Surely the most beautiful of all—love and fellowship—can be extended by all men to all men. This has been the dream of the idealists and thinkers of the past; it is our task to make it real."

FAREWELL DAY, 1949

All the other Farewell Days we had ever seen consisted of mad elation on the part of the Fiftths, hurried rushings to and fro by the Fourths, an afternoon free from lessons for all the school, and something sad but far-off.

Now, after weeks of preparation, Farewell Day was here once more and we were the Fourths saying "Farewell" to our Fifth Year friends and wishing them well in the Leaving.

The sight of the overcast sky on the great day would have dampened spirits less optimistic than ours; but we had a tradition to uphold, and the bright clothes of the girls added so much colour

and aroused so much interest that we forgot the weather.

Preparations were made, balloons were blown up, flowers were arranged, and such weird and wonderful ways for fixing streamers in difficult-to-reach corners were evolved that we were convinced if all other careers failed we would be great successes as interior decorators and removalists.

By luncheime the decorations were complete, and all was ready. At about 2 o'clock the school assembled in the hall to hear the speeches, be introduced to the new prefects, and say goodbye to the Fiftths. Among the visitors on the stage were former

members of the staff and ex-captains, and many telegrams of best wishes from those who could not attend, were read.

In her speech Miss Cohen stressed the fact that though all the girls could not come top in their exams all could lead happy and useful lives. After a fine rendering by the choir of two songs, "Old Mother Hubbard" and "Somewhere Over the Rainbow," Annette Randall, the Captain, made her speech to the school and welcomed the new prefects. Elizabeth Cayzer, the Captain-elect, replied and addressed the school as a whole, while Maureen Kelly, June Morris, Joy Carmichael, and Kathleen Hart also spoke to the school. Miss Elizabeth Bannan then urged all girls who were leaving to join the Old Girls' Union, as in this way they could keep in touch with the school.

When Annette had presented to the school the cheque, which as the Fifth Year's parting gift was to buy a ping-pong table, we all joined with the choir in singing "Come Fortians, Fortians All," and the traditional clap-out of the

Fifths and Thirds followed. A guard of honour leading to the science rooms was formed outside for the staff and visitors, and as the Fourth Years flew to their posts, and the rest of the school disbanded with expressions of curiosity on their faces, the Fifths settled down to a sumptuous feast and soon caused the food to disappear. Toasts were proposed to the King, the staff, and the school.

When everyone adjourned to the hall for dancing and games, the dull weather was soon forgotten in the gay atmosphere. As the time drew on for the Fifths to leave there was a wave of realisation of what Fort Street meant to everyone. It seemed as though the Pageant and all the Centenary Celebrations had shown us more clearly than ever the greatness of the tradition of the school, and each girl carried away in her heart the certain knowledge that though school-days were done, the influence of the years spent in the school room would last and work for the best in all her future life and dealings.

Olwyn Thomas, 5A.

THE FIRST YEAR PARTY

On Friday, 10th February, the traditional party of welcome for the First Years was organised by the Fifths.

In keeping with all the traditions, a guard of honour was formed by the Fifth Years, and the then-shy newcomers were ushered into the gym to the strains of "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows."

The party began with the introduction of the prefects to the First years, and a warm word of

welcome by Miss Cohen and the Captain of the School.

A game of "Pass the Parcel" and an autograph hunt were followed by afternoon tea. Sandwiches, pikelets, biscuits, lamingtons, snowballs, cream cakes, chocolate crackles, and pints of lemon and orange cordial disappeared like magic!

We hope that the First Years enjoy their "five short years" at Fort Street, as much as they enjoyed that afternoon.

Maureen Kelly, 5A.

HONOURS GAINED BY OLD GIRLS AT THE UNIVERSITY, 1949

FACULTY OF ARTS

- Jenifer M. Woods: High Distinction and Honours at Graduation in Anthropology. Class I.
 Betty Pritchard: Distinction, English III; Credit, Philosophy III.
 Ann Gilchrist: High Distinction, Prehistoric Archaeology; Distinction Latin II.
 Freda Lesslie: Distinction, English II.
 Merle Wilson: Credit, English II; Credit, Philosophy II.
 Nancy Vining: Credit, Greek II.
 Barbara Hay: High Distinction, Philosophy II.
 June Totolos: Credit, Classical Archaeology.
 Marie Heatley: Credit, French I.
 Sylvia McCrow: Credit, History I.
 Eileen Cook: Credit, English I.
 Beryl Alexander: Credit, Psychology I.

FACULTY OF SCIENCE

- Margaret Miller: Credit, Geology III; Credit, Geography III.
 Jill Jefferson: Credit, Geology III.

- Edith M. Guy: Distinction, Mathematics I; Credit, Chemistry I; Credit, Physics.
 Dorothy Shields: Credit, Chemistry I.
 Jill Hon: Credit, Bio-Chemistry.

FACULTY OF AGRICULTURE

- Rosalind Christian: Credit, Agronomy.

FACULTY OF VETERINARY SCIENCE

- Margot McKinney: Credit, Bio-Chemistry; Credit, Histology.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE

- Keithley Ohlsson: Credit in Final Year Examination.
 Norma Nelson: Credit in Final Year Examination.
 Olwyn Tomlin: Credit, Physiology (Second Year).

DIPLOMA OF EDUCATION

- Patricia Swyt, B.A.
 Jill Waterer, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF PHARMACY

- Ann O'Brien: Distinction, Chemistry I; Botany I.
 Valda Gittoes: Credit, Botany I.

THE THIRTIETH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' UNION

It is with much pleasure that the Committee presents the Annual Report for 1949.

Portrait of Miss Cohen

The outstanding event of 1949-50, so far as the Union is concerned, was the presentation to the school of the portrait of Miss Cohen. This was done to mark the Centenary of the School and at

the same time, to pay a tribute to Miss Cohen.

She is an outstanding educationist and Fort Street Girls' High School has been fortunate indeed, to have had the benefit of her brilliant powers of organisation over a period of years.

The portrait, painted by a former Archibald Prize-winner, W. A. Dargie, hangs in a promi-

ment position in the School Library and has been greatly admired by many members of the Union, who have come to see it.

The Year's Activities.

The Union looks back with pride upon the activity and achievement of our Centenary year. The outstanding success of the Celebrations has meant added interest and an increased membership. The present membership totals 418, of whom there are 277 annual subscribers and 141 life members. There is no doubt that this success is largely due to the enthusiasm of so many ex-Fortians. Especially are we grateful to the conveners of each committee. We will also take this opportunity of congratulating Miss Cohen on her splendid organisation. In addition to the Centenary functions other entertainments were arranged.

In June a theatre party was held in conjunction with the Old Boys' Union. One hundred and fifty members of the Combined Unions attended "Present Laughter," and netted a profit of £4/5/6 for each Union.

In July a party to the State Theatre attracted ninety Old Girls, and we benefited to the amount of £4/13/-.

August was less successful socially because of lighting restrictions, but in September a cocktail party was arranged by a combined committee who entertained one hundred and thirty guests. Each Union showed a profit of £6/13/-.

October brought with it the Annual Dinner, which one hun-

dred and forty-three members attended. Despite a loss of £14/19/8, the Committee voted it an outstanding success. We must thank Mrs. Jauncey, who, with her assistants, made a fine job of the table decorations.

To conclude a list of our social activities, a Launch Picnic was held on the Lane Cove River in November. Our only regret was that more people could not have enjoyed the pleasant afternoon. Our balance sheet showed a loss of £3/12/3.

To Mrs. Thompson and Miss Elizabeth Bannan, two members of our committee who are abroad, we wish a pleasant trip and hope that they will delight us with tales of travel on their return.

It is with great regret that we record the death of Catherine Farrell, a former president of the Union, who had taken a keen interest in the Union for over twenty years. She will ever be affectionately remembered.

Our thanks are offered to Miss Cohen and the staff for their help and co-operation during the year. We are very proud of the strong link which the Union maintains with the school. This, we know, is largely the result of the great personal interest Miss Cohen takes in all the activities of the Old Girls.

The retiring committee extends a warm welcome to our "new" Old Girls, whose support is so necessary to our success. We also wish the incoming office-bearers every success in their year's activity.

Margaret Miller,
Elsie Langton,
Joint Honorary Secretaries.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FORT STREET OLD GIRLS' LITERARY CIRCLE

The Circle had a successful year in 1949, meeting regularly on the third Sunday of the month in the Botanical Gardens.

The course for the year, "Biographies," proved very interesting, and papers were read by various members. These included Beau Brummel, George Eliot, Mrs. Beaton, Roosevelt, and William Farrer.

An enjoyable party was held at the School in November, when members and former members had tea together.

Congratulations were extended to Wilga Johnson on her brilliant

pass in Fifth Year Medicine, and good wishes expressed for her final year.

The syllabus for 1950 Literary Works of the Eighteen Fifties is being followed and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The Circle is indeed fortunate to have Miss Turner as President, and members appreciate the valuable contribution made to each subject by her.

This year the Circle celebrates its 25th Anniversary, and new members would be made very welcome.

Hilda Bourne (Hon. Sec.)

A LETTER FROM THE TRAINING COLLEGE

Balmain Teachers' College,
10th June, 1950.

Dear Fortians,

I wish I could tell you of the feeling one has on that first day at "the College on the Hill. We missed the teachers and friendly faces of dear old Fort Street, and wondered what College life held in store for us.

The building itself was once a school and has now been converted into an up-to-date Training College. Here, too, we have the keen harbour breezes, the soot, and all too inadequate asphalt grounds so familiar to all Fortians. The College is comparatively young, as it was opened in 1946, yet it has its traditions, which we all try to uphold.

But the lecturers and students make Balmain College what it is. The loyalty which exists between

all who belong to the College is something lasting. It is the foundation for friendships which will remain long after College days are far behind.

There are two hundred students at Balmain College, and all follow the General Primary Course. We have eight lectures, which last for forty-five minutes each, and most of them are quite interesting. A few become boring, but most of us have evolved the technique of looking as if we are listening though our thoughts are miles away. The course is most comprehensive, covering about eighteen subjects, which are taken by all students at the College.

Education, Psychology, and Method of Teaching take the major place in the time-table. We have lectures in Social Studies, Music, Mathematics, Speech and Physical Training. These subjects

open up a wide field of study and we also have much practical work.

Arts and Crafts. This term we completed third class sewing and made calendars, trays, and a loose leaf folder.

Homework is now replaced by assignments. We have eight assignments to do a year and there is always the last minute rush when the Library is besieged by the less industrious students. At present most first year students are probing the mysteries and talking excitedly about phasmids, weevils, white ants, and earwigs. Experienced second years would tell you that the Biology assignments were due.

As part of the College activities various clubs have been organised. These cater for all tastes and there is a regular clubs period each week. These clubs embrace Films, Recreational Games, Recorded Music, Political Science, Dressmaking, Physical Education, and Ballroom Dancing. The largest clubs are the Social Club, Dramatic Society, Debating Society, and Choral Society. These clubs arrange presentations and social activities, including dances, the Graduation Ball, and the numerous camps, recitals, and concerts held in the college year.

This, Fortians, may give you some idea of life at Balmain Teachers' College.

Wendy Hamilton,

A LETTER FROM THE UNIVERSITY

Manning House,
Sydney University.
19th May, 1950.

Dear Fortians,

Sitting in the pleasant sunshine on the verandah at Manning House, among a group of Old Fortians, it occurred to us that we should like to send a greeting to the Old School which so often becomes the subject of our conversation.

We have wondered throughout our school career what university life would hold for us and probably many of you, especially the Fifths, are doing the same.

It is an entirely different atmosphere from that of school, for there is no supervision, and, as Freshers, we deeply miss the guidance and advice of our teachers, who, in their wisdom, piled on the homework and insisted on it being done. However, this training has left its mark on us because after a few weeks of leaving things undone we realise that, though professors and lecturers never urge us to work we must

discipline ourselves if we are to uphold the honour of our old school.

Study is not the only aspect of a university career. In fact, probably, just as important, in fitting us for our life's work is the training we receive in the various clubs and societies which give us a wider outlook than the purely academic side, and a common meeting ground with fellow students who have similar tastes.

Besides each faculty having its own society there are musical, dramatic, political, and religious societies, and the interests of all are well catered for. Just as sport was an important part of our school curriculum, so the Sports Associations can afford an outlet for our energies in that direction.

Now that first term is nearly over and we are beginning to get acclimatised to this strange new life, we are all very happy, and hope that many more Fortians will join our ranks next year.

Heather McKay.

S P O R T**THE COMBINED GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOLS'
SWIMMING CARNIVAL****March 24th, 1950**

A clear, blue sky and mild temperatures met the anxious regard of many excited school-girls on the morning of March 24th. This was to be a gala occasion. For the first time spectators were allowed to be present throughout the whole day. The girls who participated in our own carnival, and the fourth and fifth years were given the priority to attend, whilst the rest of the school settled down to a vicarious enjoyment of the event, with hopeful anticipation of the day when the privileges of the aged and the active should descend on them also.

We were extremely disappointed that our star swimmer, Robin Hewitt, was unable to be present,

and we wish her success in next year's events.

Our colours were predominant, as St. George proudly displayed a red and white banner opposite our own fiery shield.

Both competitors and spectators were tense as the starting signal was about to be given, for sporting honours are an important feature of the time-honoured Battle of the Schools.

Entering two swimmers for every type of race, Fort Street gained places in the heats, but the final results were disappointing.

We warmly congratulate Newcastle on its victory.

Eva Sommer, 4A.

OUR ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL**March 6th, 1950**

Once again our Annual Swimming Carnival was held at Coogee Aquarium Baths, on Monday, 6th March, 1950. This year, however, instead of being held in the bright sunshine, the sports were held in a rainy atmosphere, and only the competitors, Thirds, Fourths, and Fifths were able to be present. Despite the dampened spirits, a good time was had by all if it could be judged by the way trays of cocoanut ice-cream and boxes of coco cola disappeared.

This was very welcome as each spectator vigorously cheered her

respective member to victory, and Bradfield supporters cheered their relay team on to victory in the most thrilling event of the day.

We all deeply regretted the absence of Miss Anderson, who was unable to be present because of illness.

The results are as follows—
School Championship: R. Hewitt.
Junior Championship: L. Medcalf.

16 Years Championship: Y. Flynn, J. Carter.

15 Years Championship: R. Hewitt.

- 14 Years Championship: K. Milthorpe.
 13 Years Championship: L. Medcalf.
 12 Years Championship: J. Baker.
 11 Years Championship: L. Hiatt.
 Breast Stroke Championship: R. Hewitt.
 Junior Breast Stroke Championship: M. Guille.
 Back Stroke Championship: R. Hewitt.
 Junior Back Stroke Championship: W. Curtis.
- Diving Championship: J. Baker.
 Rescue Race: J. Smith, D. Sloane.
 Junior Rescue Race: B. Downing, E. Dunning.
 Six Oar Race: K. Milthorpe, R. Hewitt, J. Carter.
 House Relay (Upper): 1, Bradfield; 2, York; 3, Gloucester.
 House Relay (Lower): 1, Bradfield; 2, York; 3, Gloucester.
 Final Point Score: Bradfield 100½, York 45, Gloucester 44½, Kent 30.
- Yvette Flynn, 5B.

OUR ANNUAL FIELD DAY

Although originally planned that it should be held on Friday, 26th May, unfavourable weather forced the date of our school sports to be set back to Tuesday, 30th May, 1950.

The Annual Field Day was not only most enjoyable but it proved we have some most promising athletes at Fort Street. The runner of whom we are most proud is, of course, Marlene Mathews. She ran brilliantly in the School Championship, clocking the excellent time of 11.3 secs.; ran very well again in the 15 years, and then unluckily pulled a muscle in her leg at the end of her age race, and we were very sorry she could not continue to run.

Another outstanding runner of whom we have great hopes, is 13-year-old Adrienne Handel, who came second in the School Championship, won her age race and the Junior Championship.

We have many other excellent runners, such as Ruth Maston, Gloria Linney, Gwen Saul, and rising juniors, including Janice Hooper, Valmai Kelly, and Janice Bellgrove.

The Fifth Years, as usual, adorned themselves in huge bows of crepe paper the colour of their houses, and, with all their dancing and yelling proved they were making their last field day their best.

The Fifth Year's idea of selling hot frankfurts for the girls was a great success. Everything worked to schedule, everyone co-operated and very few girls lost their tickets. We should like to thank the staff who helped us with the "hot dogs" and also those who did so much work in recording, marshalling, and starting to make the Field Day a success.

Bradfield is to be congratulated on their point score, and also on their achievement in winning the Ball Games' Trophy.

The results were as follows:—
 Point score: Bradfield, 99½; Kent, 67½; Gloucester, 45; York, 28.
 Ball Games: Bradfield, 28; Kent, 13.
 School Championship: M. Mathews.



MARLENE MATHEWS
Champion Runner of School.

Photograph by "Pix"

Junior Championship: A. Handel.
16 Years Championship: R. Maston.
15 Years Championship: M. Mathews.
14 Years Championship: G. Saul.
13 Years Championship: A. Handel.
12 Years Championship: J. Hooper.
11 Years Championship: V. Allen.
Skipping: R. Randall.
Junior Skipping: G. Saul.
Orange Race: M. Maston.
Junior Orange Race: J. Bellgrove.
Sack Race: E. Cayzer.
Junior Sack Race: J. Maguire.
Upper House Relay: Gloucester (G. Linney, P. Lovett, Y. Flynn, M. Middleton).
Lower House Relay: Bradfield (A. Handel, G. Saul, J. Hooper, J. Spindler).
Under and Over Ball (Senior): 1, Kent; 2, Bradfield; 3, Gloucester.
Tunnel Ball (Senior): 1, Bradfield; 2, Gloucester; 3, Kent and York.
Captain Ball (Senior): 1, Bradfield; 2, Gloucester; 3, York.
Tunnel Ball (Junior): 1, York; 2, Bradfield; 3, Kent.
Captain Ball (Junior): 1, Bradfield; 2, Kent; 3, Gloucester and York.

Siamese Race: G. Linney, P. Lovett.
Egg and Spoon Race: M. Morton.

MARLENE MATHEWS

Fort Street is proud of one of its sport champions.

On 26th November, 1949, Marlene ran the fastest time in N.S.W. in the 80 metres hurdles, and she ran the fastest time in Australia during the season. Marlene was chosen to represent the N.S.W. Relay in Adelaide for the Australian Championship in January. She came second to Shirley Strickland, ex-Olympian runner, in the heat of 80 metres Hurdles Championship of Australia, in 12 seconds. Marlene came fourth in the final race.

In March she won the 75 yards Junior Championship in Australian record time of 8.4.

These are only a few of Marlene's outstanding successes. We hope she will accept our congratulations on such a fine record.

ADRIENNE HANDEL

is another promising young runner. Early in the year she came second in the State Schoolgirls' Championship. At the school sports Adrienne won the Junior Championship of the school.

P. Lees, 5A.
E. Cayzer, 5A.

"OFF THE RECORD"

Our Fort Street Girls' High School Choir has sung to thousands of people, but the morning of the 3rd May was the first time we had ever heard ourselves sing. We were at the Columbia Recording Studios in Strathfield,

where we went to record songs for which we had won Championships at the City of Sydney Eisteddfod in 1949.

Led by Mrs. Murray, our music teacher and conductor, we trooped expectantly into a building

where the floor was heavily carpeted and the curtained walls padded with acoustic panels. In this way all the echoes within the studio were diminished.

We took up our choir positions and went through all our songs just in case the cold weather had affected our singing voices. When we had finished the "trial" run we made a test recording of each song. The test records were played back to us and it did seem strange to hear our own voices! By this method every little mistake stood out with great clarity, and we were at once resolved to correct them in the real recordings.

Then we began the performance for the recording. On the wax went the words and music of "My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land," "Oh! Can Ye Sew Cushions," "Sing a Song of Sixpence," and "Old Mother Hubbard" . . . records for all time of the eighty voices of Fort Street Choir.

The rest was an anti-climax. We lingered a few minutes while Mrs. Murray ordered records for the school.

Forlornly—for prosaic lessons confronted us—we drifted out of Columbia Studios and walked slowly down toward Strathfield Station on our way back to school.

Lois Medcalf, 2A.

ON THE BEACH

Come, with me, talking,
O, give me your hand.
Come, with me, walking,
Away on the sand.

The bright sun is smiling,
O'er all this green land,
While the waters are piling
Their might on the sand.

While brightly is shining
The sun on the sea,
And the clouds have a lining,
So bright, silvery.

Come, walk on the beachland,
Where ocean waves sweep,
High over the rocks
And the shell-fish asleep.

Come, with me, talking,
O, give me your hand,
Come, with me, walking,
Away on the sand.

Beryl Taylor, ID.



ENTRANCE TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

CONTRIBUTIONS

"TOO LITTLE GLORY"

First Prize, Senior Section,
Play-writing Competition, 1950.

Characters:

Sophia Sobieski.
Betina Sobieski, her daughter.
Stephan Sobieski, her son.
General Alexeivitch Pontiatow-
sky.
Lieutenant Vladimir Koledinsky,
General's A.D.C.
Anna Kropotkin, Stephan's
fiancee.

The action takes place early in
the year 1794; after the First Par-
tition of Poland; in a little Polish
village near Ostraw.

Scene: The interior of the liv-
ing-room in the Sobieski house-
hold. There is a table centre left
front, a door centre back open-
ing on to a passage, and a door
left opening on to the kitchen.
There is an old-fashioned book
case on the left side of the door,
filled with books and papers, and
on the other side of the door there
is an easy chair covered in faded
red velvet. Four straight-backed
chairs are arranged in a prim
row on the right side of the stage,
and on a fifth Sophia is sitting
at the table, which is covered by
a snowy white cloth. She is a
plump, motherly woman, about
fifty, with black hair going grey,
in two plaits around her head.
She is shelling peas as the curtain
rises, when the door centre back
is opened and her daughter,
Betina, enters, slamming it behind
her. She is a short, raven-haired
beauty, with a determined chin,
and she plumps her basket onto
the table with a determined air.

Soph (looking up): Well dear,
did you get the flour?

Bet: Yes—Mother, they've come.

Soph (placidly): Who, dear?

Bet: The Russian garrison, of
course.

Soph: Oh! Well, we knew it
would have to come.

Bet: The General will love hav-
ing some men to order about
now, as well as that aide-de-camp.
I don't know how he's managed
these few weeks. And, of course,
we shall have to find quarters
for them. What right have they
to come and just take us over,
anyhow?

Soph: None. We all know that.
But it's no use talking; people
like us can do nothing.

Bet: How can you say that,
mother? Of course we can fight
them. I believe you don't really
mind having them here.

Soph: My dear, I hate having
the foreigners here as much as
you do; but I am trying to keep
this home together, and opposi-
tion won't help. Only with you
and Stephan talking, always talk-
ing about going to meetings; and
your father writing articles there
will be trouble soon. (She rises,
takes peas into the kitchen. Bet-
ina begins to unpack the basket.)

Bet: Where is Stephan, any-
way?

Soph (off): At Kropotkin's, I
suppose, to tell Anna.

Bet: O, Anna (scornfully).

Soph (entering): She's a good
girl, Betina, and will make
Stephan a fine wife.

Bet: O, she can cook; but apart
from that she's just empty pretti-
ness. I suppose papa Kropotkin
will be in a terrible state. He's
been like a frightened rabbit
these past few weeks. Afraid the
Russians will take his money, I
suppose, which they probably will
do. Serve him right.

Soph: He's a mean man but he

works hard. (During this she has brought a pile of darning to the table and has been sorting it). Now suppose you start on these things, I'll go and see if Jan is back from the village. (Exit. Betina sits at the table and takes up the darning. A knock at door centre back.)

Bet: Come in!

(The door opens and Lieut. Vladimir Koledinsky enters. He is a fair-haired young man with a pleasant, open countenance.)

Bet (flatly): O! What do you want?

Koled: To see you father. He's under suspicion. The General will be here in a few minutes, and I wanted to warn him.

Bet: Warn him?

Koled: Yes. You see — the General is rather — hasty-tempered, and he thinks — and your father is — well —

Bet (bitterly): I see, you've come to tell us to bow and scrape to that pompous piece of gold-braid. I wonder you can come and tell me this. Even in three weeks you should know us better.

Koled: I am trying to be friends. You do not make it easy.

Bet: Friends?

Koled: Yes, Betina, you see . . .

Bet (quickly): I told you before not to call me that.

Koled: I'm sorry. You see, I know how you all feel, and I don't like it myself. I know we haven't any right here, but I can't help being on the general's staff. I've got to do what I'm told and go where I'm sent. I can't help it (pleading). Say you know it's not my fault (Betina goes on darning), please . . . please.

Bet (slowly, not looking at him): No, perhaps not, perhaps you can't help it.

Koled: Thank you. I'm only trying to help you, Betina. Won't

you try to persuade your father to be careful in what he says?

Bet: You'd better go back to the village. He's out anyway, but nothing you can say or do will make any difference now.

Koled: Very well, if you won't be helped.

(Enter Sophia from Kitchen door.)

Soph: Jan hasn't come back and . . . (she sees Koledinsky and stops). Oh!

Bet: The Lieutenant was just going. Good morning, Lieutenant.

Koled: Won't you persuade your father . . .

Bet (firmly): Good day, Lieutenant.

Koled: O, very well. Say what you like, only don't blame me for the consequences (exit centre back, slamming door behind him).

Soph: What did he come about? More trouble, I suppose.

Bet: Nothing important. Isn't father back yet?

Soph: No. I'm a little worried. He gets so excited about these foreigners.

Bet: Hasn't he reason to? Haven't we all?

Soph: Yes, but it's no use getting excited about what we can't prevent. (There is a heavy knock on the door. Both stiffen. It is repeated.) Who is it?

(Without further ceremony the door is flung open, to reveal a Russian soldier, who steps into the room to reveal Koledinsky. His face is set, and he stares straight in front of him.)

Koled (loudly): General Alexei-vitch Poniatowsky. (He steps aside also, and he and the soldier salute smartly as the General enters. He is a small, plump man who bounces arrogantly into the room. He pushes a chair nearer the front of the stage and sits down. The soldier takes up position in front of the now closed door, and Koledinsky stands be-

hind the general, who prefaces his remarks with a pompous cough.)

Poniat (to women who have remained standing since his entry): You may sit down.

Sophia drops into a chair at table and Betina remains standing left front.)

Poniat: Sofia Sobieski? (she nods). His Excellent Majesty, the Czar's Government, is anxious to offer to all those under its rule the blessings and advantages of its administration. This is, however, impossible when certain of these subjects wilfully defy those whom God has set over them and attempt to resist them. These people, while we must pity them for their stupidity and ignorance, are nevertheless a danger to others. They must, therefore, be eliminated. You follow? (Sophia only looks at him, but Betina seems to know what is coming.) Your husband, madam, I have for some time suspected of being one of these. This morning he was found leading a meeting in direct opposition to His Majesty the Czar. He was apprehended and I regretfully found it necessary (he does not sound regretful), to sentence him to be shot about sunset. You will not be allowed to see him, as it would certainly do no good.

Soph (dully): But surely . . . he isn't . . .

Poniat (rising): That is all. But I advise you and your family to be particularly careful in the future. Very well. Good morning. (The soldier opens the door and steps out. The General and Koledinsky follow, but at the door Koledinsky turns and looks sympathetically at the motionless women.)

Koled: I'm very . . . (neither looks at him so he gives up and goes out, shutting the door softly behind him).

(Sophia begins to sob softly, but Betina remains stiff and dry-eyed. Pause. There is a soft knock at the door centre back, but neither moves. Anna Kropotkin opens it and enters. She is a pretty, fair-haired girl about eighteen, with a shawl about her head, and she looks pale and frightened.)

Anna: Mamma Sophia. (She looks up.)

Soph (tiredly): Hello, dear.

(Anna bursts into tears, runs and kneels down beside Sophia.)

Anna: O, mamma, what can I do. We heard the news from the village and Stephan behaved so strangely. He just took Papa's gun and ran out. He looked wild, and he wouldn't kiss me. Everything is so terrible and I'm so frightened.

(She buries her face in Sophia's lap and continues to sob.)

Bet (sharply): Be quiet, Anna. Mamma has had enough. Control yourself. Stephan took a gun, you say? (Anna nods.) Then I hope he shoots the lot of them (wildly). Yes, every single one of them.

Soph: Don't talk like that Betina—Stephan!

(He has entered, breathless, carrying a rifle, which he places against the wall. He is a fair-haired young giant about twenty-two. Anna rises, and he puts a comforting arm about her.)

Steph: Don't cry Anna, don't cry any more. I got one of them. They have just been here, haven't they, mamma? (Sophia nods dully.)

Bet: You shot one of the Russians? Who—not the General?

Steph: No, he will be hard as he has a bodyguard. His aide-de-camp.

Bet (stupefied): You shot Vladimir Koledinsky?

Steph: Yes. We'll get the others later.

Bet: You mean — he's dead.

Steph: Of course. What's the matter, Betina? We agreed it would be the only thing. They're going to shoot father.

Bet: Yes, of course. You were right. We'll have to go through with it.

Soph: O why did you do it? It will only mean more trouble, more shooting. Hasn't there been enough already? What good have you done? What if they find out who did it?

Steph: They won't know mama; and even if they do, I had to do it. It was right.

Soph: Right? Does one death stop another? What have you got

out of it? You and Betina? Happiness? Glory? If so there wasn't enough left for me (hands over her face she sobs bitterly).

Bet (slowly): Perhaps mama is right. Perhaps we can't do anything: Perhaps you've already done too much. O, why don't great princes think of the havoc they are creating and the homes they are destroying, when they take what is not theirs?

Anna (looking up, childishly): They don't, do they? I wonder why?

Bet: Evidently they just don't care.

Elaine Peterson, 5A.

EVENING FANTASY

The setting sun cast dappled shadows across the lawn to where Magda sat watching the trees of the valley fade into darkness. A thin twist of blue-grey smoke floated up from a little stone house nearly hidden in the depths below. It drifted past the deepening shadows of the trees growing on the slopes and rose upward on the quiet air. As it curled towards Magda it hovered near her for a moment, its sharp tang delighting her, and then drifted away.

The girl stretched out her hand protestingly and, as if impelled, rose and followed the smoke drift. floating lightly over the ground in twisting smoky whirls. She drifted to the edge of the valley, hovered for a minute in uncertainty, then turned away, blown by the cool wind which travelled up from the dim recesses below. The growing wind thinned the drift of smoke and it slowly disappeared leaving a grey moth

flitting in silvery silence across the lawn.

Attendant moths appeared on silken wings and fluttered slowly and gracefully in the moonlight. The moths mingled in an airy flight above the peaceful stillness of the dark earth and below the infinite shaded radiance of the evening sky. They were silhouetted fleetingly against the sky before dropping to the centre darkness of the lawn. The moonlight glimmered silently on the silken wings which grew hazy and dim, and then appeared as gently rustling silks and brocades. The proud dusky heads glittered with sparkling gems and a group of dainty crinolined ladies began the steps of the minuet.

The dim stars shed a soft radiance on the scene, while the melody of soft violins lilted on the twilight air. A breath of anticipation stirred among the dancing figures and they seemed as a faintly-tinted painting sud-

denly alive. The soft murmur of voices mingled with the rustle of billowing gowns and sweet fragrance filled the air.

The minuet ended slowly, and as the last quivering notes of the violins faded into the stillness of the night the figures grew dim

and soon a single dancer remained, whirling with rippling skirts. A cold biting wind rose from the black depths of the valley. Shivering suddenly, Magda ceased dancing, and after gazing about her for a minute, hastened across the dark lawn.

June Robinson, 3C.

WILL DAWN EVER COME ?

It was early. I knew that because there was as yet no sign of dawn. All outside was dark and quiet. The flapping of the blind annoyed me, and I gathered enough courage to go to the window and fasten it down. What was the time, I wondered. The time—who cares, anyhow. In the chill of the very early morning, the sharp breeze whistled around me, and I dived into bed and fell asleep.

The noise outside woke me. People were chattering loudly, and dogs, having caught the general alarm, running through the crowd barking noisily.

I slipped on a dressing gown and went to see the time. Eight-thirty! Good Heavens! It was late. I went outside to get the milk and the newspaper, and then I realised the cause of all the chatter and alarm. There was no sun, and all was dark. It was not an ordinary darkness like that just before the dawn. It was velvet black, like a midnight sky, scattered with stars. People with alarmed looks on their faces stood on the street. I joined them, and time passed, very slowly. The people waited, waited

It was ten-thirty. There was no sun. The sky was as dark as ever, and thousands stood in the city streets, still hoping, hoping . . . waiting

Twelve-thirty came, and still no sun. People prayed in the

streets, for some people believed it had gone forever. Newspapers, sold beneath glaring street lamps, announced startling theories—"Sun Gone Forever!" "Earth Will Slowly Freeze!"—which only served to make the people panicky, but they still went on hoping, praying

One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock came and went, and crowds really began to worry and panic. Great shafts of yellow lights from searchlights pierced the sky, and great bonfires lit to keep the people warm, lit up the sky. Children looked for comfort in their parents, but they found none there. Hopeful people still prayed, but only the hopefuls. They waited

"Night" came — ten-thirty, eleven-thirty, but no one went to bed, for no one could have slept. Thousands stood all night, and many collapsed with fatigue, but still the city's population lined the streets to watch for the dawn which must come now or never.

A great shaft of golden light rose into the sky, and as the burning orb rose above the horizon, a great cheer rose above the city, and I joined hands with the happy crowd which laughed in ecstasy as they danced once more through the sunlit streets, too happy to care where the sun had gone for its frightening holiday.

Alma Sneddon, 2B.

AN IDEAL CITIZEN

An ideal citizen is essentially a good neighbour, the man who minds his own business, who does not borrow your lawn-mower, and who possesses a generous nature, a sharp intelligence, and a solid education. He is generous for he lends unstintingly. You may use his phone with the knowledge that he does not listen with an obvious, avid interest. His code of manners is based on consideration of others. This man will argue pleasantly but not too learnedly over the fence, on the rottenness of government, of the slackness of the local council, and the superiority of his "Early Morn'" tomatoes.

He has had an average education and does not think he is a better solicitor than his local lawyer or a better cook than his wife, but he is capable of managing many semi-professional jobs about his home. He has a tolerance that does not exist among the very ignorant or the very learned.

He is economical without being mean. His lack of higher education prevents him from being embroiled in various ideologies and thus does not become biassed, unhappy and fanatical. John Citizen votes for the man who helps him most. His humour is earthy and possesses no cruel subtlety. He is essentially practical and slightly smug, lacking imagination but not tenderness.

This citizen loves his children,

but does not attempt to overburden young minds with too much knowledge, although he obtains much pride in the discovering and furthering of natural talent in his offspring.

My citizen is patriotic in the Kipling manner. He prefers a march played on the bag pipes to Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" and Wodehouse's comedies to H. G. Wells' fantasies.

That is my opinion of a good citizen. I know your criticisms. This man, you say, is a menace to any community. This is the man civilisation is trying to abolish. What we need (you say) is a man with definite ideas, a man who accepts responsibilities, "yea and even seeks them out"; a man who is more aware of his neighbour's troubles than his own; a man who continually analyses theories, traditions and religions. This man is aware of his surroundings; he has a fervour for greater things, in science, in literature, in knowledge, in war. But he is the more brutal. For he discovered the atomic bomb, he caused the economic chaos and uncertainty of the world.

He belongs to the educated minority, and it seems to me that he has become so concerned about international problems and world progress, that he has forgotten the little homely things that make his "unprogressive" friend a good neighbour and an ideal citizen.

Ethnee Nelson, 4D.

MUSIC

Music is heard above the gentle lapping of the waters,
 Music that brings joy to human hearts,
 Music in which the notes are fairies treading
 Music, music on the shores.
 The silver moonlight helps to bring a rhythm,
 A sound which mortals never can explain.

Jilyan Chambers, 1D.

D A W N

Darkness still reigned; but there was a tremor, like the swaying of a curtain which has not yet been removed. A cooler air was slightly noticeable. Here were not beautiful trees, or lilies, or roses, but it seemed as if the edges of the earth's deep basin, brimful of black shadow, had been shaken and altered by that slight shiver of nature.

By and by the dense world of shadow appeared broken rather than lightened, and moved like the surge of the sea. The stars changed like eyes taking a new expression and the sky that held them grew of a lighter and richer purple.

The sea of shadow heaved visibly; the earth, as if opening, swallowed it. High and dry the lines of the bog were visible, the

mountains, the woods, and the ghostly heights of rocks. Some of the stars had disappeared, and the rest had lost their burning flame, and were scattered in drifts about the awakening sky. Clearer grew the light, revealing no colour except the purple in the hollows and on the mountain-sides where the shadows had been blackest.

The rose tint grew and deepened, till the floor of crimson was spread over the hollow of the mountain, and suddenly streams of gold escaped along the horizon. As the golden tip of the sun appeared above the mountain's crest, the landscape laughed, restored to its freshness and glowing beauty.

Wendy Harvey, 3B.

 THE STREET SINGER

His battered hat proclaimed it. His shabby clothes cried it out for all the world to hear, and even his tired voice did not ignore it. Frustration was the key-note to his existence.

There was an occasional tremor in his voice—an eager, hopeful sound, as of a light breaking through sullen darkness, which suggested that, perhaps, beneath the resigned exterior which he presented to the world as a shield against its power to hurt him, there was another man, one who was not beaten or despondent.

His mournful song swelled to its triumphant finish. A few

desultory coppers clinked into his hat, but he ignored these and the self-complacent smiles on the faces of their donors. Let them smile, he had something which they, in their smug security, all lacked. His voice was far from great, but when the cloud of bitterness was lifted from it, it was gentle and sweet, and—this was where he triumphed over those placid faces—he could lose himself in song, however nostalgic and old-fashioned his repertoire might have been. Was he then, indeed, the failure that he seemed?

Eva Sommer, 4A.

THE LEGEND OF THE FLYING SAUCER

In recent years many theories have been set forth concerning the origin of the mysterious "flying saucer." Now, at last, you are about to hear the truth of the matter. It seems to be the general idea that this strange phenomenon is a product of modern science. But this is not so.

It all began thousands of years ago with the Greeks. While the discus was being thrown in the classical field of athletes, little was it realised that repercussions would be produced on the world of to-day.

Zeus (or Jove), king of the gods, and his daughter, Artemis, looking down on the surprised mortal world, were surprised to see feverish activity in the Tales of Greece.

"What on earth are they up to down there?" thundered Zeus, peering through the clouds at the many bustling figures below him.

Other gods, hearing this outburst, came hurrying to see what was the matter, and a curious group clustered around a telescope Zeus had erected for purposes such as this.

"By jove," exclaimed Bacchus, ignoring a menacing glare from his superior, "they are having a time down there. I hope they're holding a wine festival in honour of my latest delicious vintage."

"Seem to be throwing plates along the grass," Apollo observed.

"It must be some sort of game," concluded his sister Artemis, "perhaps we could find out how to play it."

Hermes was accordingly sent out on a survey expedition while the others waited impatiently.

Hera, Zeus' wife, having invited friends to dinner, went to the china cabinet to take out her best tea-set, only to discover that all the saucers were missing. Angrily she set out to find the culprit, and leaving the house, was shocked to find Zeus, with Artemis, Apollo, and Bacchus tossing saucers along a cloud bank. Evidently, not content to wait for the return of Hermes, they had invented for themselves a game similar to discus throwing, and were enjoying themselves immensely.

"It's quite alright, my dear," said Zeus to his wife, in a soothing tone. "These clouds are really quite soft, even though they may be a little damp. Besides, you don't need saucers—haven't you got cups to drink from?"

Hera loudly objected that this was not the point, but she was finally suppressed by the revellers and left to seek out her oracle.

The gods, not being as skilful as could be desired, it was only to be expected that few of the saucers should reach their mark. Those which wavered from their intended course were sent spinning into space, where they circled for centuries, until now, at last, they have contacted Earth's atmosphere and become visible to mortal eyes.

So next time you hear rumours of "flying saucers" hovering around, just smile to yourself and remember this preposterous little tale.

Dagma Dawson, 5C.

RAIN

I love the roaring, beating rain
That hits upon the window-pane;
It makes a laughing, jolly noise,
And fills my heart with lasting joys.

Jan Baker, 1B.

TO EVENING

I stand upon the headland wild and bare,
 And watch the ocean surging, blue and green;
 Washing away the golden sand between
 The jagged rocks that crouch beneath me there.

I see the daylight fading, as the glare
 Of the last sun-rays slide across the sheen
 Of the bright waters; and the lovely scene
 Seems like some gorgeous painting, rich and rare.

Around me I can hear the beat of wings
 As homeward come the wanderers of the deep,
 G'ad of the rest that gentle evening brings
 To all, when tired nature falls asleep.
 The zephyr plays its lullaby and sings
 As the bright stars come out, their watch to keep.

Beverley Tobin, 4A.

DROUGHT

The stream trickles with sluggish stealth,
 While the hard-parched rock o'erhangs the water
 In frantic thirst, craning for one drop of liquid wealth
 That oozes its last slow inch in the hills.
 There is hardness in the pewter bowl above,
 Baked harsh azure in some inhuman kiln;
 Reflected in the dry and brittle leaf that strove
 And prayed for drenching chill and now dies
 In mute grey agony. The lizard, on the rock,
 Lies in heavy stupor; even the crows, hovering with hungry
 Vigilance, cannot stir the sunk-eyed flock
 Who watch the bone-racked carcasses of their fellows
 With fixed resignation. The deserted hut of a squatter, who
 Could not watch the slow still end of all he owned,
 And his children's ghastly eyes, shines steely blue,
 Where the sun-peeled roof is crossed by iron furrows
 Triumphant when the softer things of life have gone,
 And the sun, pitiless in her strength, is left to kill alone.

Pamela Edwards, 5B.

WHEREFORE LAMENT, WHY WAIL AT DEATH?

Translated from Lucretius.

Now no more shall a happy home
 And loving wife receive thee,
 No children run with kisses sweet,
 But do not let it grieve thee.

Why, do not wail and death lament,
 This grief doth ill become thee,
 For though the end of life doth seem
 To snatch its prizes from thee.

Yet realise that when you die
 The wish will also perish
 To have about you what in life
 You know and love and cherish.

So if your time has passed in joy,
 And if it was not hated,
 Then like a feaster take your rest
 With life, with pleasure sated.

Olwyn Thomas, 5A.

THE PICTURE

When I asked to see the picture,
Soft he laughed, and answered "Yea,"
This creature stooped before me
His black hair streaked with grey;
His eyes were small and narrow,
Yet so bright that they did seem
To hold me like a statue,
And pierce me with their gleam.
There he stood amongst his relics
Old and musty as they were,
E'er he looked at me unflinchingly
Till at last I heard him purr,
"This picture hath no value
And I give it to you free,"
Yet behind the soothing voice
I felt, in depth 'twas mocking me;
And I thought I saw the wooden owl
Carved just above the door
Signal to the china cat
Arched scowling on the floor.

Then he bent towards me saying
As my very blood ran cold
"This picture though deemed worthless
Hath strange magic powers I'm to'd,"
And he bent a little closer
Till I felt his icy breath,
"He who keeps this picture
Is always met by death,
And if for more than twenty days
You keep it in your room,"
He chuckled low and whispered
strange

"Then this will be your doom."
But I waved his superstition
Aside, and said, "Tell me
Whose brush hath stained this canvas
With so fine ability,
And from whence did come the image
And when and why and how."

Then he answered, growing fury
Descending on his brow;
"If thou desire this picture,
Then take it and begone,
Its origin is myst'ry,"
So I took it whereupon,
I was sure that if I had not been
The victim of some spell,
I heard the clock upon the wall
Sound ringing out my knell
And as I left, the wooden owl
Carved just above the door
I swear did signal to the cat
Arched scowling on the floor.

Upon the wall I placed it
Where the early morning rays
Could brighten all the colours
And show in fine display,
The beauty and creation
Of harmonising hues,
Here gold like sunlight fading
And strange and mystic blues
O he who called it worthless
Must surely have been blind,
Or otherwise its beauty
Would impress his sullen mind.

And then the skies became enraged,
The world grew deathly still;
A last gold touch of waning light
Alone did rim the hills
As if full jealous of defeat
And wounded by her pride,
This nature had in vengeance
Snatched her colours from the sky;
And donned instead a flowing cloak,
Black as Tuonela's depths
And o'er the stretching heavens
Had in sullen anger crept.
O strange omen, forboding sign,
Fate written in the skies,
Yet I did from your warning
Disbelieving turn my eyes.

And silver forked the lightning flashed,
Came thunder, wind and rain,
And when I turned my eyes to look,
The picture there had changed;
That strange and mystic vision
Had vanished like a dream
And now an awesome creature
Took its place upon the screen,
Liquid fire its glowing eyes
Which stared from out the frame
Never tiring at my own,
Like vivid pools of flame;
With ugly gaping grinning mouth,
And scarred and wrinkled face,
It might have been the replica
Of some unearthly race,
Or some long since forgotten—
A million years then pass,
And this anon comes back unknown
To its loved haunts at last

So I gazed with kind of pity
But discovered with a start
I could not take my eyes away
From those there in the dark.
Came midnight cold and lonely
Still as the Isle of death.
My brow was moist, my hands were
cold

Unsteady grew my breath,
And all night long my wearied eyes
Ne'er closed nor shifted gaze
From those bright whirlpools in the
gloom

Unmoving and ablaze,
And so the time slipped by me
Like to a haunting dream
Forgotten in the morning
Save for an unlinked theme
That plays upon the memory
But yet will not unwind
The threads of that lost story
Still imprinted on the mind.

And sometimes in the gloom of night
When all the world was still
I thought I heard the churchbells
Lowly chiming from the hill
And in a sudden terror
My eyes were forced to stray
One moment on a calendar

Which showed me month and day,
 So feverishly with dazed mind
 I counted in a dream
 Those days since passed, but every
 time
 The answer was nineteen.
 And somewhere I could hear a voice
 That echoed through the room
 "You keep it more than twenty days
 And it will be your doom."
 With trembling hands and blinded eyes
 I tore the picture down
 And in the dead of midnight

Hurried off towards the town.
 When I gave him back the picture
 Soft he laughed just as before
 "Fatal nature's vengeance is"
 He said, and nothing more.
 There he stood amongst his relics
 Old and musty as they were
 And he looked at me unflinchingly
 With eyes that did not stir
 And when I left, the wooden owl
 Carved just above the door
 I'll vow till death did signal
 To the cat upon the floor.

Margaret Balderson, 3B.

A FIRST LOVE LETTER

(Translation from Catullus)

That man is happiest, I declare,
 And even gods come after,
 Who can within your presence sit
 And bear your lovely laughter.
 That happy sound which overwhelms
 And does, in faith, undo me,
 Which rings forever in my ears
 And will for aye pursue me.

Olwyn Thomas, 5A.

NIGHT

Lights now sparkle on the hillside,
 Waters lap as runs the ebb tide,
 Ferry lights are all a-glimmer
 As the fading sun grows dimmer.
 Now the crescent moon climbs higher
 Glowing like a winter fire,
 Twinkling stars are shyly peeping,
 Forests dark their secrets keeping.
 Flowers droop on stems so slender
 Mothers hum to babies tender.
 Bird and beast and man and neighbour
 Find sweet peace in rest from labour.

Margaret Simon, 4A.

THE NIGHT

The velvet touch of night
 Has touched the hill,
 The moonlight soft and bright
 Enchants me still.
 A brightly shining star
 I see above.
 The air is cool and sweet,
 All this I love.
 The sea is murmuring
 And calls to me,
 Where peace is lingering
 I long to be.

Vera Gertler, 3C.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

"The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

"Sail on!" it says. "Sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!"

—Longfellow.

In almost every country in the world which possesses a sea coast, lighthouses have been erected for the purpose of guiding ships at night and preventing them from running on rocks and shoals. Some of them stand on high cliffs, and can be seen for miles out at sea. Others, however, have been erected on low-lying rocks and islands, many of them a long distance from land. These are danger spots that are difficult to see, and must be avoided by the mariner who wishes to bring his ship safely into port.

If one sits up in the tower of the "signposts of the sea," one can see that the light which shines so many miles across the sea is not a large one, and is derived from the burning of kerosene, that is changed into vapour.

It is like an incandescent burner, and is of 500 candle power, but by the use of crystal glasses the power is increased 500 times.

If one looks out of a window, seaward, into the darkness of the night, a large ship can be seen approaching, her lights mirrored in the water. The Morse lamp in the lighthouse asks, "What ship?" Back comes the answer in dots and dashes from a yellow eye on a ship, the "O-r-e-a-d-e-s."

The lighthouse keeper rises, and makes another inspection to see that everything is as it should be.

Throughout the night the same careful watch is kept, while to the sailor far out at sea there comes the warning, flash-flash-flash-flash, eight seconds of darkness, then flash-flash-flash-flash again.

J. Heraghty, 1A.

FORTIAN 1959 ?

My little sister will soon be four,
And then, a baby she'll be no more;
She learns the numbers and a-b-c
Taught by mother, father and me.

She goes to school 'most every day
For a little learning and lots of play.
But when she grows as old as me
A different side of school she'll see.

For then she'll have to work quite hard,
There'll be no playing in the yard,
But hope we all, that she, like I,
Will go to school at Fort Street High.

Beverley McIver, 1A.

THE SECRET DRAWER

One day, not long ago, my grandmother was looking through her big writing desk when she came across a traveling writing desk. It was not a very big box, but it was made of beautiful cedar with brass-bindings on the corners, and brass inlaid in strips around it.

Upon opening it we found that it made a sloping desk covered in fine black leather, with gold motifs painted on it and under it were two spaces to keep papers and letters. At the top was a pen-holder, two ink bottles, and a space for pins. When we had examined the desk, my grandmother told us that our grandfather, her husband, had come out to Australia in the "Carlisle Castle," a sailing ship, when he was quite young, in 1888, and with him he had brought this desk which had belonged to his father before him.

In Australia he earned enough money to take him through the University, where he obtained a scholarship to go to America to study Engineering. When he had finished his course there, he returned once more to Britain. After spending some time there he came back to Adelaide, and then to Sydney, where he lived until he died a few years ago. During all these travels he had this desk with him, and although my grandmother had known my grandfather since before he had

first come to Australia, she didn't know that the desk had a secret compartment in it. She had accidentally pushed down one end of the pen-holder and found a space under it which had a bunch of old keys in it. We spent many minutes wondering whether the keys had come from England, America, or Australia, but finally we gave up the problem as hopeless as none of the keys fitted the locks at home.

The other night we were again examining the desk. Suddenly, Dad, who had been pushing and pulling everything that could be pushed or pulled, pulled a little partition between the ink tray and one of the ink bottles. There was a sharp click and a portion of the desk sprang off, inside the space for the papers. In the place where this piece of wood had been, to our surprise, we found two small, neat, flat drawers, which had tiny bone knobs on them and could be used for holding papers, documents, or even jewels, if you had any. We all received a great thrill when we found them and we were all wondering what had been grandfather's aim in carrying this desk with its secret drawers in it round the world, and what had been carried in them. If there had been documents, letters, or just dust we could never know, so all we could do was to wonder.

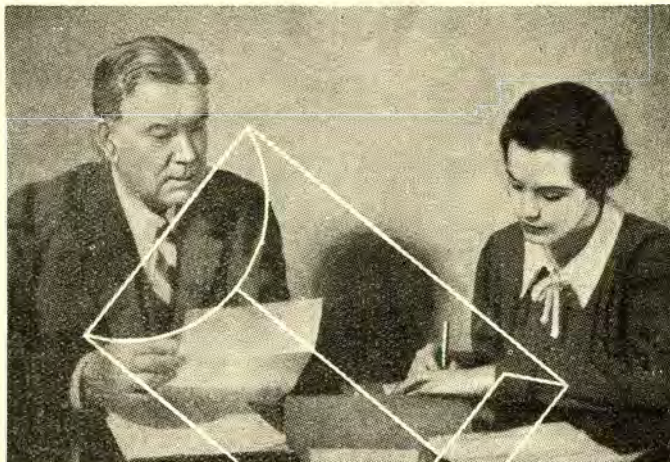
Jennifer Kennedy, 3B.

THE WIND

Sighing his way through the dusty street
 Silently watchful, he blows away cares
 Brushing our faces, caressing and sweet
 And the strings of my heart begin to play
 The songs and sighs of a bygone day.

Patricia Heatley, 4D.

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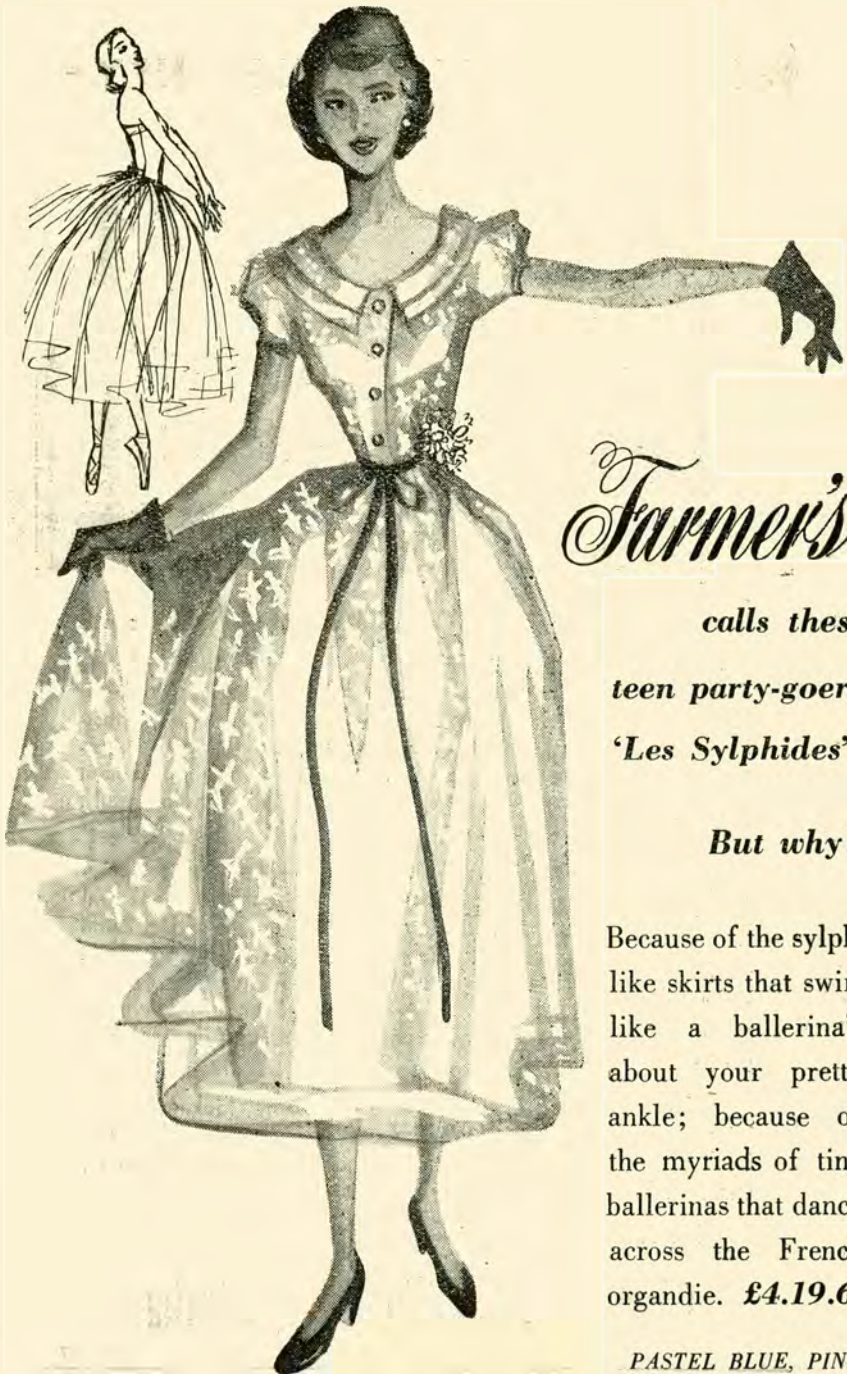
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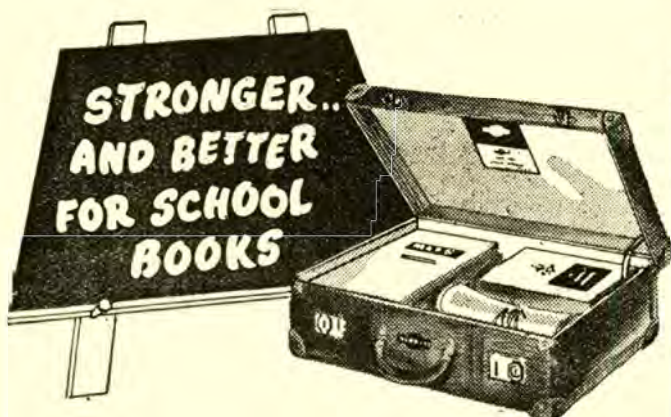
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